



The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE
By CHARLES KLEIN
AND
ARTHUR HORNBLow
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, follows a path of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is thrown by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been a criminal, is now a successful business man. He sends her a note threatening to reveal her past unless she agrees to a divorce. She agrees, and goes to sleep on a sofa. A thief enters and steals her jewelry. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take her life. He agrees, and she returns to her father's house. She is found by the police, and her father is arrested. She is released, and goes to her father's house. She is found by the police, and her father is arrested. She is released, and goes to her father's house. She is found by the police, and her father is arrested. She is released, and goes to her father's house.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"And you know what mine are!" exclaimed the banker, hotly. "I refuse to be engaged in this wave of hysterical sympathy with criminals. I will not be stamped with the same hall mark as the man who takes the life of his fellow being—though the man be my own son. I will not set the seal of approval on crime by defending it."

The lawyer bowed and said calmly: "Then, sir, you must expect exactly what is happening. This girl, whatever she may be, is devoted to your son. She is his wife. She'll go to any extreme to help him—even to selling her name for money to pay for his defense."

The banker threw up his hands with impatience.

"It's a matter of principle with me. Her devotion is not the question. With a mocking laugh he went on: "Sentimentality doesn't appeal to me. The whole thing is distasteful and hideous to me. My instructions to you are to prevent her using the family name on the stage, to buy her off on her own terms, to get rid of her at any price."

"Except the price she asks," interposed the lawyer, dryly. Shaking his head, he went on:

"You'll find that a wife's devotion is a very strong motive power. Jeffries, it will move irresistibly forward in spite of all the barriers you and I can erect to stay its progress. That may sound like a platitude, but it's a fact nevertheless."

Alicia, who had been listening with varied emotions to the conversation, now interrupted timidly:

"Perhaps Judge Brewster is right, dear. After all, the girl is working to save your son. Public opinion may think it unnatural."

The banker turned on his wife. Sternly he said:

"Alicia, I cannot permit you to interfere. That young man is a self-confessed murderer and therefore no son of mine. I've done with him long ago. I cannot be moved by maudlin sentimentality. Please let that be final." Turning to the lawyer, he said, coldly:

"So, in the matter of this stage business, you can take no steps to restrain her."

The lawyer shook his head. "No, there is nothing I can do." Quickly he added: "Of course, you don't doubt my loyalty to you?"

Mr. Jeffries shook his head.

"No, no, Brewster."

The lawyer laughed as he said:

"Right or wrong, you know—my country—that is, my client—'tis of thee." Turning to Alicia, he added, laughingly: "That's the painful part of a lawyer's profession, Mrs. Jeffries. The client's weakness is the lawyer's strength. When men hate each other and rob each other we lawyers don't pacify them. We dare not, because that is our profession. We encourage them. We pit them against each other for profit. If we didn't they'd go to some lawyer who would."

Alicia gave a feeble smile.

"Yes," she replied; "I'm afraid we all love to be advised to do what we want to do."

Mr. Jeffries made an impatient gesture of dissent. Scoldingly he remarked:

"That may apply to the great generosity of people, but not to me."

"It's Your Duty to Do It"

Judge Brewster looked skeptical, but made no further comment. The banker rose and Alicia followed suit. As he moved toward the door, he turned and said:

"Drop in and see me this evening, Brewster. Mrs. Jeffries will be delighted if you will dine with us."

Alicia smiled graciously. "Do come, Judge; we shall be all alone."

The lawyer bent low over her hand as he said good-by. Mr. Jeffries had already reached the door, when he turned again and said:

"Are you sure a very liberal offer wouldn't induce her to drop the name?"

The lawyer shook his head doubtfully.

"Well, see what you can do," cried the banker. To his wife he said: "Are you coming, Alicia?"

"Just a moment, dear," she replied. "I want to say a word to the Judge."

"All right," replied the banker. "I'll be outside." He opened the door, and as he did so he turned to the lawyer: "If there are any new developments let me know at once."

He left the office and Alicia breathed a sigh of relief. She did not love her husband, but she feared him. He was not only 20 years her senior, but his cold, aristocratic manner intimidated her. Her first impulse had been to tell him everything, but she dare not. His manner discouraged her. He would begin to ask questions, questions which she could not answer without seriously incriminating herself. But her conscience would not allow her to stand entirely aloof from the tragedy in which her husband's scapegrace son was involved. She felt a strange, unaccountable desire to meet this girl Howard had married. In a quick undertone to the lawyer, she said:

"I must see that woman, Judge. I think I can persuade her to change her course of action. In any case I must see her. I must—" Looking at him questioningly, she said: "You don't think it inadvisable, do you?"

The Judge smiled grimly.

"I think I'd better see her first," he said. "Suppose you come back a little later. It's more than probable that she'll be here this afternoon. I'll see her and arrange for an interview."

There was a knock at the door, and Alicia started guiltily, thinking her husband might have overheard their conversation. The head clerk entered and whispered something to the Judge, after which he retired. The lawyer turned to Alicia with a smile.

"It's just as I thought," he said, pleasantly. "She's out there now. You'd better go and leave her to me."

The door opened again unceremoniously, and Mr. Jeffries put in his head:

"Aren't you coming, Alicia?" he demanded, impatiently. In a lower voice to the lawyer, he added: "Say, Brewster, that woman is outside in your office. Now is your opportunity to come to some arrangement with her."

Again Mrs. Jeffries held out her hand.

"Good-by, Judge; you're so kind! It needs a lot of patience to be a lawyer, doesn't it?"

Judge Brewster laughed, and added in an undertone:

"Come back by and by."

The door closed, and the lawyer

went back to his desk. For a few moments he sat still plunged in deep thought. Suddenly, he touched a bell. The head clerk entered.

"Show Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Jr., in."

The clerk looked surprised. Strict orders hitherto had been to show the unwelcome visitor out. He believed that he had not heard aright.

"Did you say Mrs. Jeffries, Jr., Judge?"

"I said Mrs. Jeffries, Jr.," replied the lawyer, grimly.

"Very well, Judge," said the clerk, as he left the room.

Presently there was a timid knock at the door.

"Come in!" called out the lawyer.

CHAPTER XV.

Annie entered the presence of the famous lawyer pale and ill at ease. This sudden summons to Judge Brewster's private office was so unexpected that it came like a shock. For days she had haunted the premises, sitting in the outer office for hours at a time exposed to the stare and covert smiles of thoughtless clerks and office boys. Her requests for an interview had been met with curt refusals. They either said the Judge was out of town or else that he was too busy to be seen. At last, evidently acting upon orders, they flatly refused to even send in her name, and she had about abandoned hope when, all at once, a clerk approached her, and addressing her more politely than usual, said that the Judge would see her in a few minutes.

Her heart gave a great throb. Almost speechless from surprise, she stammered a faint thanks and braced herself for the interview on which so much depended. For the first time since the terrible affair had happened, there was a faint glimmer of hope ahead. If only she could rush over to the Tombs and tell Howard the joyful news so he might keep up courage! It was eight days now since Howard's arrest, and the trial would take place in six weeks. There was still time to prepare a strong defense if the Judge would only consent to take the case. She was more sure than ever that a clever lawyer would have no difficulty in convincing a jury that Howard's alleged "confession" was untrue and improperly obtained.

In the intervals of waiting to see the lawyer, she had consulted every one she knew, and among others she had talked with Dr. Bernstein, the noted psychologist, whom she had seen once at Yale. He received her kindly and listened attentively to her story. When she had finished he had evinced the greatest interest. He told her that he happened to be the physician called in on the night of the tragedy, and at that time he had grave doubts as to it being a case of murder. He believed it was suicide, and he had told Capt. Clinton so, but the police captain had made up his mind, and that was the end of it. Howard's "confession," he went on, really meant nothing. If called to the stand he could show the jury that a hypnotic subject can be made to "confess" to anything. In the interest of truth, justice, and science, he said, he would gladly come to her aid.

All this she would tell Judge Brewster. It would be of great help to

him, no doubt. Suddenly, a cold shiver ran through her. How did she know he would take the case? Perhaps this summons to his office was only to tell her once more that he would have nothing to do with her and her husband. She wondered why he had decided so suddenly to see her and, like a flash, an idea came to her. She had seen Mr. Jeffries, Sr., enter the inner sanctum and, instinctively, she felt that she had something to do with his visit. The banker had come out accompanied by a richly-dressed woman whom she guessed to be his wife.

She looked with much interest at Howard's stepmother. She had heard so much about her that it seemed to her that she knew her personally. As Alicia swept proudly by, the eyes of the two women met, and Annie was surprised to see in the banker's wife's face, instead of the cold, haughty stare she expected, a wistful, longing look, as if she would like to stop and talk with her, but dare not. In another instant she was gone, and, obeying a clerk, who beckoned her to follow him, she entered Judge Brewster's office.

The lawyer looked up as she came in, but did not move from his seat. Gruffly he said:

"How long do you intend to keep up this system of warfare? How long are you going to continue forcing your way into this office?"

"I didn't force my way in," she said, quietly. "I didn't expect to come in. The clerk said you wanted to see me."

The lawyer frowned and scrutinized her closely. After a pause, he said:

"I want to tell you for the fiftieth time I can do nothing for you."

"Fifty?" she echoed. "Fifty did you say? Really, it doesn't seem that much."

Judge Brewster looked at her quickly to see if she was laughing at him. Almost peevishly, he said:

"For the last time, I repeat I can do nothing for you."

"Not the last time, Judge," she replied, shaking her head. "I shall come again to-morrow."

The lawyer swung around in his chair with indignation.

"You will—?"

Annie nodded.

"You're determined to force your way in here?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

The Judge banged the desk with his fist.

"But I won't allow it! I have something to say, you know! I can't permit this to go on. I represent my client, Mr. Howard Jeffries, Sr., and he won't consent to my taking up your husband's case."

There was a shade of sarcasm in Annie's voice as she asked calmly:

"Can't you do it without his consent?"

The lawyer looked at her grimly.

"I can," he blurted out, "but—I won't."

Her eyes flashed as she replied quickly.

"Well, you ought to—"

The lawyer looked up in amazement.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "It's your duty to do it," she said, quietly. "Your duty to his son, to me, and to Mr. Jeffries himself. Why, he's so eaten up with his family pride and false principles that he can't see the difference between right and wrong. You're his lawyer. It's your duty to put him right. It's downright wicked of you to refuse—you're hurting him. Why, when I was hunting around for a lawyer one of them actually refused to take up the case because he said old Brewster must think Howard was guilty or he'd have taken it up himself. You and his father are putting the whole world against him, and you know it."

The Judge was staggered. No one in his recollection had ever dared to speak to him like that. He was so astonished that he forgot to resent it, and he hid his confusion by taking out his handkerchief and mopping his forehead.

"I do know it," he admitted.

"Then why do you do it?" she snapped.

The lawyer hesitated, and then he said:

"I—that's not the question."

Annie leaped quickly forward, and she replied:

"It's my question—and as you say, I've asked it 50 times."

The lawyer sat back in his chair and looked at her for a moment without speaking. He surveyed her critically from head to foot, and then, as if satisfied with his examination, said:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What It May Come To.

"I've just thought of a brand-new philanthropy," said Mr. Dustin Stax.

"What is it?" "I'm going to found a home for ex-billionaires who impoverish themselves by donations."

POULTRY

FEW RATIONS FOR FATTENING

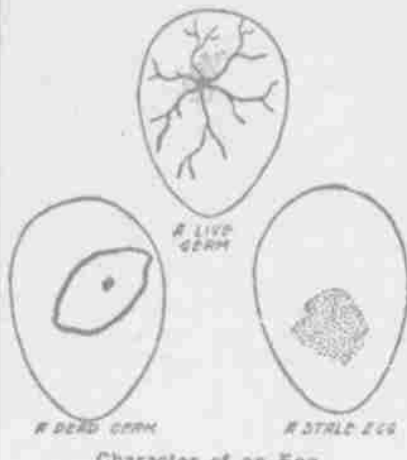
Agricultural Experiment Station of Pennsylvania Gives Combinations Worked Successfully.

The agricultural experiment station at the Pennsylvania State college suggests the following grain rations for fattening poultry, as having been used with success by them. Where yellow flesh is wanted, a ration should be made of cornmeal, five parts; ground oats (hulls removed) two parts; animal meal, one part. Mixed with sour milk. Where a whiter flesh is wanted, the following rations are recommended. Cornmeal, two parts; ground buckwheat, two parts; ground oats, two parts. Mixed with sour milk. Another, barley meal, two parts; middlings, two parts, buckwheat, two parts; cornmeal, one part. Mixed with sour milk. Another, the refuse from shredded wheat and sour milk. When birds are confined for fattening, sour milk aids digestion and keeps the system from getting feverish. If no milk is available, some form of animal or green food must be supplied to make the best gains. Should a chicken, for any reason, get off its food, a good plan is to turn it out in the yard. It will usually recover in a short time. Water should be given once a day and grit twice a week. The rations should be fed rather soft, about like porridge. The food should never remain before them from one meal to another. Take it away 20 minutes after feeding.

INFERTILITY OF HEN'S EGG

Some of the Principal Reasons Why Some Fail to Hatch—Something Worth Remembering.

Beginners, who are often nonplussed because some of their eggs fail to hatch, are given a splendid reason in the accompanying illustration. Dead germs and non-fertility are not the only reasons, however, for poor hatches, but usually these are self-explanatory. If the novice will test out his eggs when about seven days



Character of an Egg.

incubated according to the conformations shown, discarding the "dead" ones, he will have taken a long step forward in securing satisfactory results. The membranes shown in the live germ strikingly show why the old hen turns her eggs; otherwise those would adhere to the shell, and so make the birth of the chick difficult, and often impossible. In artificial incubation it is well to bear this in mind.

POULTRY NOTES

Keep the young chicks out of the rain and dampness.

Corn, with nothing else, is the greatest cause of no eggs.

Artificial incubation in recent years has assumed large proportions.

Over-fattening causes chicks to be inactive and susceptible to disease.

The very best rule is to watch the fowls and feed about all they will eat.

The material used in preparing the nests for sitting hens should be fresh and clean.

Ducks are very dirty about the water pans, making the drinking water unfit for chickens.

If you cannot get one this year, get a brooder and wait for the incubator until next season.

Fowls require the equivalent of about 27 pounds of dry feed for each 500 pounds of live weight.

Hens require plenty of green food, as well as room for exercise, in addition to liberal grain feeding.

A hen that is laying an egg every other day will consume considerably more food than one that is not laying at all.

Chickens and ducklings bred from immature stock have not the same vigor as those whose parents were full grown.

The unsanitary conditions of the coops is the cause of the mortality of thousands upon thousands of chicks every season.

Apply kerosene to the roosts with a cloth or swab twice a week during the summer or warm weather to kill the red spider Hen.

There are almost as many ways and methods of feeding and caring for turkeys as there are localities where they are grown.

Frequently cleaning and disinfecting of all the poultry quarters means less trouble and more profit. Use carbolic whitewash freely.

OWES HER HEALTH

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me."

"I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, your Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house."

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls to build them up and make them strong and well. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has always helped her."

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to these wonderful medicines."

—Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases.

WHERE THEY DRAW THE LINE

Naturally Men Disapprove of Extravagance When Their Own Purse Is Concerned.

Mrs. William B. Leeds, who took Mrs. George Keppel's house in London for the coronation season, came from New York with 40 huge trunks, all the same size, and all mounted with shining brass, all claret-colored, and all as lustrous as the body of a motor car.

Mrs. Leeds, as her 40 trunks imply, dresses very beautifully. She spends a large amount on her wardrobe, and discussing the fact that woman's dress is so much more expensive and so much less durable than man's, she once said:

"We women dress foolishly, and we will continue to do so till men disapprove; but—" she smiled on the men at the table—"no man in the world ever disapproved of dress extravagance in a woman unless she happened to be his wife."—Detroit Free Press.

The Nature-Fake.

"Congratulations!"

"For what?"

"I hear one of your exhibits took a prize at the dog and poultry show."

"Well, keep still about it. I entered a skye terrier and he took first prize as a Mongolian hen!"

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Ointment is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. See and be convinced. For particulars apply to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

The Same, but Different.

"When it comes to the task of taking up the parlor carpet, do you run away from the job?"

"No, I beat it."

Lewis' Single Binder straight 50 cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

No man is so sharp that some one doesn't try to sit on him.

To Get

Its Beneficial Effects.

Always Buy the Genuine

SYRUP of FIGS

and

ELIXIR of SENNA

manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Sold by all leading

Druggists

One Size Only, 50¢ a Bottle

USE ABSORBINE JR. LINIMENT

Painful Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Cuts, Swellings, Itching, and all other painful affections. Apply to the affected part. It is the only liniment that is so effective and so safe. It is the only liniment that is so effective and so safe. It is the only liniment that is so effective and so safe.